

## **JERU THE DAMAJA – SO RAW LYRICS**

[verse 1]

its the raw high majestic  
universally respected, divinely protected  
many mics molested by my rhyming method  
dirty rotten from bk to pl  
think i fell off  
you got jokes like dave chappelle  
call me waldo  
cause you don't know where i'm at in the world  
international rhyme shark  
marksman like william tell  
the original  
the n-ggas more b-tch than a sh-m-l-  
all that rah-rah  
you'd probably be a girl in the cell  
lord's my witness  
i'm giving these cats the business  
knocking back shots of vodka  
with my foolish gangster princess  
on christmas  
that's everyday the way i shoot the gift  
in some parts of the world  
they call me black st. nicholas  
ridiculous amounts of style  
flowing out of my orifice  
spit nasty sh-t  
like what went out of that b-tch in the exorcist  
if you insist  
i could fulfill your death wish  
peep this raw hardcore  
and fatter than wilson (?)  
so

[hook]

tell your peeps about it  
tell your cl!ck about it  
tell your people 'bout it  
tell 'em all about it  
we so raw  
we so raw  
we so raw  
we so raw

tell your cl!ck about it  
tell your peeps about it  
tell your crew about it  
tell 'em all about it  
we so raw  
we so raw  
we so raw  
we so raw

[verse 2]

i mastered the trade  
(?) sharpened the blade  
the dopest high grade  
this a raid  
n0body move, n0body get sprayed  
mind blower  
slam into your planet like a meteor  
insane flame thrower  
sporting rhymes galore  
its the hardcore  
hitting like a two by four  
and if you think that its a game lame  
i still tap your jaw, its war  
you could call the whole marine corp  
i take 'em out one by one  
similar to the predator  
word to mother  
you ain't know why i'm a bad mother f-cker  
from the streets of east new york  
to the gutters of calcutta  
i ain't stutter  
this is the say you sucker emcees will lay  
lyrical ak, you can say is how my mind spray  
dropping bombs on the spot  
like if its d-day  
i make you wanna quit rap and take up ballet  
tinkerbelle -ss mother f-ckers  
its brooklyn  
so

[hook]

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[verse 3]

word is born

i wreck the microphone

so leave it alone

you weak and (?)

when you address me watch your tone

n-ggas is clones

faker than t-tties of silicone

on the real

when did emcess start standing for (?)

get your head flown

my rap snaps your backbone

and your poems are so weak

they need shots of testosterone

i'm probably dead wrong

but you remind me of estrogen

talking tough like a k!lla

bust off with that baby skin

and daffodils

but here's the deal, i'm for real

i'm blessed with pure sk!ll

and harder than raw steel

(?) like steven segal

hard to k!ll

and my rhymes more exotic than those broads in brazil

no holds barred

i go hard when its time to record

murder beats and in the sheets

freaks they call me ultralord

if you get caught in the crosshairs

do you will get clapped  
peel your skull cap back black  
so call it a rap  
so

[hook]

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tell your cl!ck about it  
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